

So did the th at gentle knyght  
It was the moze pytte  
The knight was both hardy and strong  
And kne we the lady lored him well.  
Lorde s came from many a lande  
Her to haue I vnderstande  
With force soldr and sell  
Sir Wylm amour then did crye  
Strong in synge and tourmentry  
For the loue of Cristabell  
What man soeuer did her craue  
Such strokes & glamoire him gaue  
That down right he fell  
That it be sell vpon a dape  
To his chamberlayne he did say  
Where they together did lye  
Fayre frend naught to layne  
My counsel to thee would I tell  
On thee is all my trust  
Mayster he saide by my saye  
Whatsoeuer ye say to me  
I shall it neuer out caste  
The erles doughter, so god me saue  
The loue of her if I haue not  
My lyfe it may not last  
Mayster then sayd the pouge man free  
You haue tolde me your counsell  
I wpll geue you answers  
to this tale vnderstande  
Ye are a knyght of lytel lande  
And much woulde haue moze  
If I would to that lady gone  
A.ii.

And whed to her your harte a lone  
She leghtly woulde let me fare  
The man that bewethouet hys  
Thus fare both it ever  
Remember master of one thyng  
That he wolde haue both erle and kynge  
And Dukes that are full bolde  
And many a bolde barone also  
The lady wyl none of tho  
But in her mayden hede holde  
For wylle her father by benen kinge  
That ye were sit on such a thyng  
Right dere it wold be bought  
Crowe ye he wold a kinge for sake  
And such a simple knyght take  
But if ye haue loved of olde  
The knyght answered fullmyde  
Syrre euer syth thou were a chyld  
Thou haste be loved of me  
In any tullynge or in any flour  
Saw thou me euer haue any dyspauere  
Nay maister at all ryghtes  
Ye are one of the best knyghtes  
That is in charyte.  
In dede of armes by god on lyne  
Thy body is worth other syue  
Graimarcye sayd he  
Eglamour spghed and said no more  
But to his chamber gan he fare  
That ritchely was wrought  
To god his handes be helde by soone  
Lord he said graunt me a bounse  
As thou on roode me bought

The erles daughter fayre and free  
That she may my wife be  
For she is moste in my thought  
That I may wedde her to my wote  
And in iope to lede out lyfe  
From care then wete I thought  
On the moztowoe that mayden shal  
Cte woth her father in the hall  
That was so fayre and byght  
Al the knyghts were at meste thue he  
The ladye said for goodes pite  
wher is sy? Eglamour my knyght  
His squier answered with heauicheate  
He is sycke and dead full nere  
He praitch you of a spght  
He is now casten in such a care  
But if he amende of hys fare  
He lucth wot to myght  
The erle to his daughter spake  
Damosel he sayd for goodes sake  
Lysten vnto me  
After me do as I the hende  
To his chamber se thou wende  
For he was curteys and fre  
Full ruly woth his intente  
In iustynge and in tourneiments  
He said vs neuer naye  
wher any dedes of armes were  
He wanne the prync with tourney clere  
Our worship for euer and aye  
Then after in rate that lady gent  
Dyd her fathers commaundment  
She bulked her to wende  
With her she toke her maydens

And to his chamber hdd he go  
That was curteis and benede  
For he went, withouten more  
For nothinge would he spare  
But went there as he sape  
Myr he saide the squire, be of good chere  
Here cometh the etles daughter here  
Some wordes to thee to say  
And then saide that lady bryght  
How fareth sir Glamoure my knyght  
That is man ticht faire  
For so the lady as ye may see  
With two I am bound for the lone of thee  
In longyng and in care  
Sir he saide by goddes pitie  
If ye be agreued for me  
It wolde grene me to lye  
Damosell if I might tourne to life  
I wolde haue you to be my wyfe  
Sir he saide, so mote I thee  
Ye are a noble knight and free  
And come of gentell bloode  
I mauntul man, ye are in felde  
To winne thee gree with speare and helde  
Robly by the roode  
Sir at my father, I rede ye witte  
To se what ye will saye to it  
Or if his will be good  
And if that he be at assente  
As I am true lady and gentle  
My will it shall be good.  
**T**he knyght desired none other blesse  
Whan he had gotten his grauntes



But made y<sup>e</sup> all chere  
 He commaunded a squire to go  
 Of golde to fetch an C. pound of trow  
 and giue the maydens clere  
 Sir Eglamour saide, so haue I blys  
 To your mariage, I giue you this  
 For ye neuer come here oze  
 The lady him thanked, & kyssed the knyght  
 She toke her leave anone right  
 Farewell my trene loue deare  
 Thru homeward she toke the waye  
 Welcome said the erle in fay  
 Tell me how ye haue doys  
 Say my daughter whete of flour  
 How fareth my knyght Syr Eglamour  
 And he answered him soone  
 Forsothe to me he hartely swore  
 He was a mended of his care  
 Good comforte hath he take  
 He tolde me and my maidens hende  
 That he to the ryuer woulde wende  
 With houndes and hankes ryght  
 The erle said so mote I the  
 With him will I ryde that sight to se  
 On the morowe when it was daye  
 Syr Eglamour toke the waye  
 To the ryuer full ryght  
 The erle made him sit by there  
 And both they rode to the ryuer  
 To see some faite fight.

**A**t the daye they made good chere  
 a wyath began, as ye maye here

As they rood homeward in the waye  
Spoke Eglamour to the erle can saye  
My lord be with you now here  
All redy Eglamour to saye  
Whitherer ye come saye in  
To me it is full deere  
For why the daughter is art thou  
That is this lande dwelleth now  
For to bere wyfde and spere  
My lord he said so god me saue  
I knowe man that he wolde haue  
My daughter saye and clere  
Howe good lord I you praye  
For I haue with forsed many daye  
To gye myn her with outen paye  
The erle sayd by gods paye  
If thou her wyne as I shall saye  
By dedes of arms thee  
Then shalt thou haue my daughter deere  
And all that to far and nere  
Glamour he said he  
Sir Eglamour sayd so mote I the  
It my iourney sake would I be  
Right soone he made ready  
The erle said here by the west  
Dwelleth a gaunte in a forest  
Fouler sawe I neuer ere  
Ther in be trees saye and longe  
Thre hartes ronne them amonge  
The fairest that our eye maye gorne  
Spoke might ye bring one a waye

That durst I boldly saye  
 That he had hent there of equal maner  
 Forsothe said Eglaunour there on a road  
 If that he be a christen man  
 I shall him neuer forsake  
 The erle said to good cheere  
 With him shalt thou fight in fennous aile  
 His name is sir Warbeck  
 The knight thought christabell  
 He swore by him that harowen tell  
 Him wolde he neuer forsake  
 Sir kepe this lady and my lande  
 Therio the erles helde by his hande  
 And trothes they did strike  
 Then after that as I you saye  
 Sir eglaunour toke the way  
 To that lady so free  
 Damoisele went to her array  
 For your love I have undertaken  
 Deedes of armes thre  
 Good sir she sayd be merry and glad  
 For a worse I never had  
 In no christen country  
 If god graunt by that is his grace  
 That we may from pteynny pace  
 God graunt it may be so  
 Sir if you be in huntinge founde  
 I shall you give a good greyhounde  
 There was neuer dere that he at ran  
 That might scape him fro  
 Alfora sworde I gene thee  
 That was founde in the fra

Of such knowe I no man  
If ye haue hope to keepe it well  
there is no helde of you and sele  
But it woulde curre in two  
Eglamour kissed that lady gent  
He toke his leuery foath he went  
His leue man hath he taine  
the hye streete he lde he went  
Till he came to the forest  
fairer shew he neuer none  
With strong walles of stone  
forth he rode as I vnderstand  
till the time that the gates found  
And therein he is gone  
His horne he blew at that tide  
Partes rose upon every syde  
And a noble dere full pye  
the houndes with the hore gan baye  
That harde they count to her he lay  
It let him of his rest  
My thynke they bound that I here  
That there was hunting my drake  
It wer better that he had not  
By hym that wore the croon of thorn  
In a worse tyme blew he neuer hore  
Nor derer bought a man  
Barrook the giaunt toke the way  
Throughe the forest ther it lay  
To the gates he set his back  
And Eglamour hath done the dede  
Slaine an hark and smitten of his head  
The pye he blew full of roll

And when he came there, the giunt was  
Good say he said, let me passe  
As ye praytoure thou art faire  
Whi principall hart thou hast laius  
Thou shalt it like full well  
The giante at the base  
A greatre clubbe vpon he takes  
That vilanous was and great  
Onche a stroke he him gawe  
that into the earth went his anke  
A foote on euey syde  
traytoure he sayd what doest thou he te  
In my foies to see my dere  
Here thou shalt now now adbe  
Eglamour his swerde out drew  
and in his eyes made such a blowe  
and in ide him blinde that tide  
Howe be it he losse his sight  
He fought with sir eglamour the knight  
Two dayes and more  
Till the thirde daye at prime  
Sir Eglamour waited well his time  
and to the harte him bare  
throughe goddes might and his kniffe  
there the giunt losse his lyfe  
fast he began to roge  
for certayne soch as I you saye  
When he was moten there he lay  
He was spene foote and more  
Throughe the might of god and of his kniffe  
thus hadde the giunt losse his lyfe  
He may thanke god of his boone  
the giantes head with him he bare

The right may be founde there  
Will be came to the hall of stone  
All the whole countre came thw agayne  
Such a lye they began to say  
Sawe they neuer hope  
Before the erle he is here  
My lord he said howe you there  
Witneue to you all  
The erle said if it is done  
Another waye to the hall of stone  
Guise thee and make thee a waye  
To the hall of stone  
For the hall of stone  
For the hall of stone  
His iustices are a waye  
What is the waye  
It courteth the waye  
Both man and beest in death  
All that he courteth  
And the waye to the hall of stone  
So the waye to the hall of stone  
His iustices are a waye  
To the hall of stone  
Toward the hall of stone  
A four waye to the hall of stone  
And also longe on the waye  
A waye to the hall of stone  
Into the hall of stone  
Whereas the waye to the hall of stone  
And the waye to the hall of stone  
Behind the hall of stone  
Tharpy the waye to the hall of stone  
Sir Gawain the waye to the hall of stone  
And the waye to the hall of stone

Uillamoure the sonne thone bright  
In the forest fast did he bryght  
Of the boze he had a crye  
And nerer began gone right  
Fair helmes he founde in fere  
That men or armes had left there  
That the boze had slaine  
Eglamour to the cliffe went he  
He saw the boze come fro the sea  
His name draught had he sene  
The boze sayng where the knight stode  
His tunkes he wheyted as he were wode  
To him he dyde that tyme  
Sir Eglamour wened well to do  
With a speare he rode him to  
As fast as he myght wold  
All if he fode he was so bold  
The good prync a loud crye made  
It wold he go into the bide  
That boze bid him to amonge  
His good horse bader him he slough  
On foote they must be bide  
Eglamour sate on boze that tyme  
But to a noke he set his syde  
Amonge the trees great  
His good swerde he drew out then  
And smote vpon the wilde swine  
Two byres and some delemore  
Till the mydd have it none  
Eglamour thought his life was done  
For fighthing with that boze  
Then Eglamour with gre meode  
Smote of the bozes head  
His tunkes he smote of there



The king of Siden on huntinge did take  
With fiftene armed men and more  
The boze londe herde he pell  
He commanded a squier to fare  
Some man is in perill there  
I trowe to longe the dwell  
No longer wold the squier tary  
But thither wold fast by saynt mary  
He was therto full fell  
Up to the clyffe tode he there  
Sir Glanoure fought fast with the boze  
With strokes fiers and fell  
The squier stode and behelde them twa  
He wente againe and tolde so  
Forsoth the boze is a laine  
Lorde saint mary how maye this be  
A knight is poudre certainly  
That was the boys danc  
O golde he beareth a semely sight  
A kede of byrre armed knight  
To battayle as he shoulde go  
And on the crest vpon the heade is  
A lady made in her likenesse  
His spoze is a sable echone  
The kinge sayde so mote I thee  
Those riche armes with I see  
And thether he toke the way  
By that tyme spz Glanoure  
Had ouercome the sharpe saure  
And overthwert the boze laze  
The king sayd god rest with thee  
O lord sayd Glanoure welcome be ye  
O peace now I that praye  
I haue so foughten with the boze



That certayne I may no more  
This is the thyrd daye  
They saide all anone right  
Grent syn it were with thee to fight  
Or to do any tene  
Mansfully thou hast slaine this boye  
That hath done hurt soze  
And many a many death hath bene  
If thou hast mansfully vnderwilde  
Slawe the boye here in the felde  
That all we haue serue  
This gaue I with the soth to say  
That he hath slaine thou a lay  
Of my aimed knyghts here  
Wente ad drike they him byerght  
The riche wine they spard rough  
And white clothe they spredde  
The king sayd so mote I thee  
I will dine for the leue of thee  
If thou haue be herte broken  
Forsooth then sir Eglamour sayes  
I haue fought these four dayes  
And not a foote him fledde  
Then said the king, I pray thee  
All night to dwell with me  
And rest the in a bedde  
And after mete the soth to say  
The kinge sir Eglamour bid pray  
Of what country he was  
Whi name he sayd is Eglamour  
I dwell also with sir Gylfame  
That erle is of Artoys  
Then Ledys to the king byeto  
Thi same is he that Harroche slew

The glaunces brother Maas,  
Syz layd the kin ge I may the  
these thre dayes to dwell with me  
fro me thou shalt not passe  
There dwelleth a glaunte here beside  
My daughter thadith of mekill pride  
He woulde haue her me fro  
I dare to no place go out  
But men of armes be me about  
For drede of my fo  
the boze hast thou slaine here  
That hath here dwelled this fiftene years  
Thyssen men for to flo  
Now is he gone with sozow enough  
to his brother that thou sloughe  
That euer wrought him wo  
To bryke the boze they went full tite  
there was no man that wold him kille  
So harde of hilde was he  
Sir eglamoure thou him sloughe  
I trowe thy sworde be good ynough  
haue done I may thee  
Eglamoure to the boze ean gone  
and claue him by the rid ge bone  
That tyme it was to see  
Lordinges he said great and small  
Gine me the head and take paye all  
For woe that is my fee  
The king said so God me saue and see  
thou hast bought it full dere  
All the country was saue  
for the wilde boze was saue  
They made full stalle cheere  
The quene said god saue vs from shame

For when the glaunt cometh home  
Fewe tidings shal be here  
Against euen the kinge did dight  
I bath for that gentle knight  
That was of herbes good  
Sir eglamour therein lay  
Tyll it was light of the daye  
That men to matinge yoke  
By that time he had heard masse  
The glaunt to the place come was  
And cryed as he were wode  
Sir kinge he saide sende vnto me  
Ardnada thy daughter free  
Or I shall spill thy blood  
Sir eglamour anone right  
In good armour he him dight  
and vpon the tralles he yede  
He commaunded a squire to beare  
The boies head vpon a speare  
that the glaunt might it see  
And when he looked on that head  
alas he sayd art thou dead  
My trust was all in thee  
Now by the lawe that I liue on  
My littell speckled hogline  
Dere bought shal thy death be  
the glaunt on the walles dounge  
at euery stroke fire out spronge  
for nothing wolde he spare  
towards the castell gan he crye  
false traytour thou shalt dye  
Your stronge walles I shall downe dinge  
and my handes I shall the hinge

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Ere that I further passe  
But through the grace of god almight  
the glaunte had his fell offight  
and therto soundele more  
Sir eglamour was not agast  
On mightfull god was all his trust  
and on his sworde so good  
to eglamoure saide the kinge then  
Best is to arme vs every man  
this thefe I holde him woode  
Sir eglamour swore by the roode  
I shall him assaye yf he be a roode  
Whell is gods might  
He rode a course to say his fride  
He toke his helme and forth he yede  
all men praid for that knight  
Sir eglamour into þe felde taketh  
the glaunt see that and to him gorth  
Welcome he said my fere  
thou art he that slew my boze  
That shalt thou repent full soze  
and by it wonder deare  
Sir Eglamour thought wel to do  
With a speate he rode him to  
As a man armes cleare agayne  
agayne him the glaunt was redy  
But boze a man, he bare al dowe  
that dead he was full nere  
Sir eglamour could no better rede  
But what time his boze was dead  
to his foote he hath him tane  
And then eglamour to him gan go  
the right arme, he smote him fro  
Euen by the shoulder bone

All if that he had lest his hand  
All t he day he rode sightaude  
Tyll the sonne to rest gan go  
the so t h to saye withouten lye  
He sobbed and was so dyy  
that lye then lasteth none  
All that ou the walles woze  
When they heard the giaunte roze  
for soys the belles they ronge  
Edmonde was the kinges name  
Swoze to sir Eglamour by saint Jame  
Here shall you be kinge  
to morowe thou shalt crowned be  
and thou shalt wed my daughter free  
Eglamour answered with woꝛde myde  
God glue pou ioy of your chyldes  
for here may I not abyde longe  
Sir egla:noure for tho doughty dede  
thou shalt not be called leude  
In no place where thou go  
then sayd Ardnada that swete thinge  
haue here of me a good golde ringe  
With a prestous stone  
Wherso ye be on water oz lande  
Nothyn may you none  
Grainarce sayd eglamour my ladyfre  
This fiftene yere wyl I abyde thee  
So that ye wyl ike wed  
This wyl I sweare to God me saue  
Kinge ne priuce wyl I none haue  
If they be comely cled  
Damosel he say by my say  
By that time I shall you say

C.ii.

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How that I haue spedde  
He toke the giants head and the boze  
And toward Artoys did he fare  
God helpe me at neede  
By that seuen weekes were come to end  
Euen to Artoys he din lende  
Where as Wynsamoure was  
The Erie therof was greatly fayre  
that Eglamour was come againe  
So was both moze and lesse  
When Cristabell as bright as sonne  
Herde tell that Eglamour was come  
to hym she went full pite  
But she sayd how do you fare  
Damosell he sayd I haue traueled fere  
To bying vs both out of care  
The knight hideth that lady gent  
and then into the halle he wente  
The Erie for to know  
the Erie answered and was full of ire  
What deuyll may nothing the flo  
forsoth right as I wene  
thou art about as I vnderstand  
for to win Artoys and all my land  
And also my daughter cleane  
Syr Eglamour sayd so mote I the  
Not but if I worthy be  
So god graue me good of it  
The Erie said such chaunce may fall  
That on may come and quit all  
But thou neuer so hardy  
But good lord, I pray pray  
Of these weekes to give me day  
Of every body to rest

Twelue werkes were graunted then  
By prayr of many a gentelman  
and comforted him with the best  
Sir eglamour after souper  
Went to cristabells chamber  
With torches byrning bryght  
the lady was of so great pryde  
She set him on her bed side  
And said welcome sir knight  
then eglamoure bid her tell  
Of aduentures that hym befell  
But there he dwelled all night  
Parosell he sayd so good me spede  
I hope to god you soz to wedde  
and then theis treuthes plight  
By that twelue werkes were come and gone  
For cristabell whyle as sonne  
All men woered her betwe  
She sayd vnto her maidens fre  
In that ye know my privity  
Looke that ye be true  
The Erle angerly gan fare  
to eglamoure he sayd make thee ready  
For thy iourney is new  
Wheu cristabell therof herd tell  
She mourned both night and day  
That all men might here re to  
the erle said ther is me told long  
Besidg Rome there is a dragon stronge  
Forsoth as I you say  
the dragon is of such renouns  
There dare no man come nere the towne  
By fyue myle and moze  
I praye thee well and thither go



Like that thou shalt be thy bride  
O els say me nay  
Sir Eglamour to the chamber went  
and toke his leas of that lady gent  
White as flour on felde  
Damsell he sayd I haue to done  
I go and come againe right sone  
throughe the might of Mary milde  
I golde ringe I wyll geue thee  
Keep it well for the loue of mee  
If Christ sende me a childe  
and then in Romance as we saye  
To great Rome he toke the way  
to seke that dragon wylde  
If he were neuer so hardy a knight  
When he of the dragon had a sight  
His harte began to colde  
anoue the dragon waxed wroth  
He smote eglamour and his steede bothe  
that both to grounde they fell  
Eglamour rose and to him set  
and on that foule woyme he bet  
with strokes many and bolde  
the dragon shot fire with his mouth  
And alway againe euen the more  
He seemed a dyuell of hell  
Sir Eglamour nere him gan go  
halfe his taile he smit him fro  
then he began to yell  
and with the stumpe that yet was leued  
He smote eglamour on the head  
that stroke was fieris and fell  
Sir eglamour nere him gan go  
the dragons head he smote of the



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Sooth as I yon say  
his wynges he smote of also  
He smote the ridge boue in two  
and won the fiede that day  
The emperoure of Rome, lay in his toure  
and fast behelde syr Eglamoure  
And to his knyghts gan say  
Do cry in Rome, the Dragon is slayne  
I knyght him slew with might and maiue  
Manully by my say  
throughe Rome they made a cry  
Euery officer in his bayly  
the dragon is slayne this day  
and then the emperoure toke the way  
To the place where Eglamoure lay  
Beside that foule thinge  
With all that euer could ride  
Sir Eglamoure they haue by faine  
and to the towne they can him  
for ioye that the dragon was slayne  
they came with procession him againe  
And beles they did ringe  
the emperour of Rome brought him home  
Constantine that was his name  
A Lord of great longinge  
and all that euer saw his head  
they sayd that eglamoure was but dead  
That knyght sir eglamoure  
the Emperour had a daughter bryght  
She vnder toke to heale the knyght  
Her name was Mardus  
With good salues she healed his head  
and saued him fro the dead  
that lady of greatbalours

And there wifthin a lytle flounde  
She made eglamour hole and founde  
God gyue her honoure  
Anone word came to Artoys  
How that the dragon slayne was  
A knight that dede hath done  
So longe at the lecherrie he did dwell  
That a fayre sonne had Cristabell  
As white as whales bone  
Than the earle made his bowe  
Daughter into the sea walt thou  
In a shippe by thee one  
Thy yonge sonne shall be thy fere  
Christendome getteth it noue here  
Her maidens wepte eche one  
Her mother in swone did fall  
Right so did her frends all  
That would her any good  
Good lord she sayde, nowe I you pray  
Let some priest a Gospell saye  
For doute of feudes in the flode  
Farewell she sayd my maidens al  
Grette wel my Lord, when you him see  
They wepte as they were woode  
Leue we nows of sir Eglamour  
and sprake we moze of that iahp floure  
That vnkowen waies yede  
The shippe by our night and day  
Up to a roche the soke to lay  
Where wilde beastes did run  
She was full faine I vnderstande  
She wende we had bene in some land  
And by than went she  
No maner of men found she there

But as foules and beastes that there were  
That fled fast from the hande  
Ther came a griffon that wrought her care  
Her yong childe away he bare  
Into a country vnknewen  
The lady wept and sayd alas  
that euer she bozne was  
My childe is taken me fro  
The kinge of Israell on huntinge went  
He sawe where the foule lente  
and toward him gan he go  
A griffon that the boke saith that he hight  
That in Israell did he hight  
That wrought that lady wo  
the foule smote him with hys byll  
The childe cryed and likyd yll  
the griffon then lefte him there  
A gentilwoman to that gan passe  
In a mantell of scarlet, lapped it was  
And with a riche pauer  
The childe was large of symme and lithe  
A gourdell of golde it was bounde with  
With worse cloth, it was not cladde  
the kinge swoze by the roode  
The childe was come of gentell bloode  
Whersoever he was come of gentell bloode  
and for he fro the griffon fell  
They named the childe Degrabell  
that lost was in the wylsome way  
The kinge would hunt no more that tyde  
But with the childe Degrabell  
that fro the griffon was yente  
Madame he said to his queene  
ful oft I haue on hunting bene

D.i.

this

This daye god hath me sent  
Of that childe he was blith  
After noyde he sent bel to  
the childe was louely and gentle  
Leave we now of this childe  
and speake w<sup>th</sup> his mother myde  
To what lande god her sent  
All that night on the roche he lay  
A wynde rose vpon the day  
and from the lande her dyueth  
In that shippe was neyther man nor wyre  
But euery streame after other  
That last vpon her greth  
and as the great becke of Rome sayes  
She was without fyne dayes  
amonge the great ellys  
By that fyne dayes were gone  
God sent her succour soone  
In Egypt by hea send  
the kyng of Egypt lay in his tounce  
and saw the lady as bright as floure  
That came right nere the lande  
He commaunded a squier free  
to looke what in that ship may be  
That is vpon the lande  
the squier went thither full tple  
On the ship boyde he did tmyle  
A lady by thyngan hande  
She might not speake to him a worde  
But say and toke after the boyde  
and mayde saighe w<sup>th</sup> hit hand  
The squier told not what he went  
Againe to the kyng he went  
And kneeled on his knees

Lord in the ship nothinge is  
Sane on in a womans likenes  
That fast lo keth on me  
But and she be of flesh and bone  
I saye I sawe I neuer none  
She seemeth of some far lande  
She maketh signes with her hand  
Whom thou she is to me  
Sir Hamadri he bight the king  
He went a good pace  
To the lady he saide bright in fame  
Speake woman in gods name  
Against him he rose  
The lady that was so meke & milde  
She had so sope betwixt her childe  
That almost lost she was  
Horne to the court they beried  
With good meate there was she fed  
With good wyll she it taketh  
A good damosell saide the king  
Where were ye bozne my swete thing  
Ye are so bright of ble  
Lorde in art oyes bozne I was  
Sir Prinsom oure my father is  
That lorde is of that country  
I and my maidens went to play  
By an arme of the sea  
The wind was lith, a boke ther rode  
I and my self quier in yode  
But vnchristened was he  
On lande I leste my maidens all  
My yonge squier on slepe gan fall

My mantell on him I thetwe  
A griffon there came that brought me care  
My yonge squier alway he bare  
Southeast wisthyn he dyed  
Damoisell he lapp, he of guerdere  
Thou art my brothers daughter dere  
for tope of him she laught  
And there she did styll dwell  
tell time that better he schall  
with tope and mirth proude he.

**N**ow is Eglamour's holt and sound  
And well healed of his wound  
Homeward then would he fare

Of the emperour toke he leaues  
Of the daughter and of the emperour  
and all the mery that there were  
Cristabell was most in his thought  
the dragons head home he brought  
On his spere he bore  
By that seven weekes, were come to pnde  
In the lande of Arroy he did come  
where as the erle was

In the court he was tolde I vnderstand  
How that eglamour was come to land  
with the Dragons head

His squier rode to hym full soone  
Syz thus hath our lord done  
fayre Cristabell is dead

A faire sonne he had borne  
Both they now are forlorne  
throughe his false rode

In a wypp he put them two  
And with the winde let them go  
than swounded he where he stode

Alas then sayd that knight so true and so good  
Lorde wher re may my maidens be  
That in her chamber was  
His squier and wored him full soone  
As soone as he in the sea was  
Echone they way gan passe  
Eglamour went to the hall  
Before the squires and knights all  
And thou erle of Artors  
Toke up the Dragons head  
Allis mine that here is  
What dost thou in my place  
Great dole it was to here  
When he called Cristabell his sere  
What art thou pisoned in the sea  
God that died on the roode bytise  
On thy soule haue mercy  
And on that yonge childe so feyght  
The Erle was sere of Eglamour  
That he was faine to take the toun  
That euer more nothing be  
Eglamour sayd to god  
all that the order of knyghts  
Rise vp and go with me  
they were full faine to go  
Up they rose and came  
He gaue them order  
the while that he in hale abode  
two and thirty knyghts he made  
fro moyn till it was noone  
tho that Iulunge had vone  
He gaue them heryng to laue  
for Cristabell to pray soone  
that none I vnderstande



He toke the way to the holy land  
Where god on roode was done  
Whic glamoire as ye may here  
He dwelled there fiftene years  
The heathen men among  
Fall manfully thes he þin bare  
Where any deedes of armes were  
Againe them that liued to on ge  
In battaille no; in tourname  
There might man with man be his bent  
But downe right he than the on ge  
By that fiftene yer he was gone  
His sonne that the griffon had tane  
Was woren both hille and stronge  
Now is Degradell to open toight  
The king of Israel dubbed þin a knight  
and prince with his hande  
Liken lord in yez grent and small  
Of what maner of armes that he bare  
And ye will vnderstande  
He beareth in a sure a griffon of gold  
Richly portreited on the on olde  
On his dappell bagginge  
I manchild in a man bett  
And with a heddell of gold e bound  
Without any leaſinge  
The king of Israel is to sen olde  
To Degradell þis sonne he tolde  
I woulde thou had a wyfe  
When I am dead thou hast no fere  
Richesse is so reſſe  
I meſſenger ſayde he the kyng  
In Egypt is a ſweete thinge



Thereto none such only he  
the doughty forsooth his other than  
There shall none that hath  
But he willeth to do his will  
The kinge sayd that he should  
We wyl not let yf we be good  
Have done and hath done  
A none right they made their way  
and they armed to ship they bare  
To passe the water deluge  
By that iourneys were come to ende  
In to the lande of Egypt they came  
The vncow that comes to see  
Well engers went before to tell  
Here cometh the kinge of Egypt  
with a fayre man  
and the prince with many a knyght  
for to have your daughter in sight  
If it your wyll be  
The kinge sayd I trow I shall  
fnde lodginge for you all  
Right welcom ye are to me  
then trumpets in the ship arose  
and every man on land gose  
The knyghtes were clothed in pall  
this yonge knyght of fifteen yeres  
Herideth as ye may heare  
A foote about them all  
The kinde of Egypt on lande goeth  
the kinge of Egypt by the hand  
and ledde him into the hall  
So he saide the kinge for chaunce  
wylle let me your daughter see  
Whil as thou art all

The lady fro the chamber was brought  
With many hand she seemed wrought  
And ran out of ree  
Her owne souerayn she behelde  
Well worthy him that might welde  
thus to him selfe thought he  
The kinge of Irael asked then  
If that he might passe the stream  
His souerayn wife he toke  
Syr said the kinge if that ye may  
Herte was a stroke to morowe day  
Thene a hige ground I the  
Lords in hall were set  
And waiting he was to see  
They made alle in chere  
the two knyghts the deff began  
Sir Digenell and his mother then  
they two were sib full were  
Than knyghtes went to see ptoys  
And every man to his office  
To serue the knyghts deure  
and after meat they washed they  
And Clarken the game sayd  
In hall as ye may here  
then on the morowe when the day sprong  
Gentilmen on their atmirithronge  
Degebell he was bright  
The kinge of Egypt gan him say  
In a faire feld that day  
With many a noble knyght  
what tyme the great lords him see  
they asked what lord that he might be  
with the griffon so bright  
The rulers of that game gan tell

This is the paines of Iherusalem  
Beware for he is mightie  
the king of Egypt toke a wife  
the prince saue that and sadly fate  
If he were neuer to keene  
Againe þ king he gaue hym bowe  
Upon the grounde so grene  
the king sayd to god me saue  
thou art worthy her to haue  
So sayde the all by hene  
Euery lord gañ other affare  
And squiers on the other day  
that donghty were of peder  
Sir Degrauell his trouth be plight  
And Chyftable that lady  
to church than her ledde  
through the myght of god he spedde  
his owne mother where he wedde  
A Romance as we rede  
She saue his arm & him befare  
She thought on him that forlore  
She wente whate be dead  
What chere he sayd my lady there  
Why were ye pou & make euil cheare  
We thinke ye greiue thought  
Spe in pou & aris now I pray  
A fowle that on a tree  
A childe t hat I dere bought  
That in a scarlet mantell was wounde  
and with a girdell of golde bounde  
The king of Iherusalem said  
In my forest the soule can buy  
a Griffon to land him brought

He sayd to a knight that he  
had had him for a while  
That he had been a knight  
Before him was a knight  
The maner and the way  
that right was the way  
alas then said he that he  
This same it is that he  
In swoning then he sayd  
How longe agone the king was  
fifteen yere he was the king  
They assented to that he  
forsoth by the king  
That to his matyge he have made  
In the beginning of the  
Demolish he be so that he was  
which he had the king  
Then he had the king  
But I could not be good  
and so I was the king  
That I was the king  
there shall be no more  
But the king was the king  
as I was the king  
Than every lord of the king  
for her was the king  
With a spear and the king  
he so may be the king  
forsoth by the king  
So the king was the king  
he herde the king  
and thither was the king  
errall lordes that he was the king  
whether they rodd the king

As fast as they might fare  
 The king of Gaden was there also  
 And other great lordes moore  
 That shall at ones here  
 When an ges were made in the fields  
 For lordes to put th'rain wolds  
 They busked and made the m'pase  
 Sir eglamour thought he came late  
 He was not worthy out to becau  
 The knight was clothed in ceare  
 For that crillable was put in the sea  
 How ac-neg brareth he  
 I will them dyste  
 He searchin fyre a shippe of gold  
 Full richly portreited in the wolds  
 Full well a id wortheth  
 The sea was made both grimme and bolde  
 A poyse cride of a nigh: olde  
 And a wain in long therby  
 Of plure was the mait of golde the fane  
 Of rie, rope, cabels echon  
 Id it red were w'ethery  
 By recordes of armes found on his  
 Currelles at nes gan distre  
 In the f'ldes brade  
 Then crut a belay w'it an' f'nce  
 She sat upon an hid cotte  
 For her that cry was made  
 The poyse knight of fiftene yere olde  
 That was born doughty and bolde  
 Who so that he did thout m'ce  
 With his d'strech full f're  
 Rener on his stoke brade

Sir eglamour boued and behelde  
How the folke in the feild do betwix  
The knightes all be hene  
When Degrauel him ſe he rode by myſell  
and ſayd for my ſake lo ſyl  
amonge all theſe knightes hene  
Eglamour ſayd to myſell  
I am come out of be hene  
It were ſpynne ſo me  
Degrauel ſayd ſo not I the  
More wyllyng it had ben to the  
Unarmed to have bene  
the father on the ſonne ſeuche  
Haue prynces had wyllyng ynough  
Where that you have be  
that day ſhall haue I ſeue  
With a dagger men haue I bene  
And yet well gone my waye  
And yet ſo ſoth ſayd he than  
I wylde as welles I can  
With you once to playe  
Herde to gither the knightes donge  
with great ſpores theye and longe  
them behelde echone  
Sir eglamour as it was harue  
he gaue his ſonne ſuch a ronne  
that to the ground went he  
Blas then ſayd that ſide ſe  
My ſonnet is dead by goddes pittie  
the hene knight both by ſlaine  
Then men ſaide by myſell  
the knight that be with the wyffe of golde  
that wonne her on the playne  
Harrodes of armes cryed then

Is there now any maner of man  
Wyll make his body good  
that will last any moze  
Say notre while we be heare  
Degrabell sayde by god almight  
We thinke that I daest with him fight  
If he were neuer so wode  
Loides toger her made a bowe  
forsoth they said best worthy art thou  
To haue thy frey fode  
for to be armed in a dres gon go  
clothes of golde on him they do  
To meate then gan the wende  
Sir eglamour then was the gre  
Beide the lady set was he  
Sue fained him as fre friende  
for what cause that he bore  
A ship of golde with mast and ope  
He sayd with wordes wende  
Dainofel into the sea was done  
My lady and my ponge sonne  
and there they made an ende  
knowledge to him take we the  
Now good sir tell me how so  
that they were brought to grounde  
While I was in far court ry  
Her father put her into the sea  
with the waves to founde  
with honest merth and game  
Of him he asked his name  
and he answered that founde  
Heu call sit there I was bozne  
Eglamour of Atoys  
that with a woyme was wounde



In morning tell that I shal see  
 In London: I shal see the  
 top of: I shal see the full  
 Growth: I shal see the full  
 How he into the sea  
 then wept: as a lake and more  
 What could he do: what he  
 He wept: they say: at the latter be  
 To spende the night: as a lake  
 Full was it: he god in heaven  
 that men were at water: heurn  
 and so it be: tell them  
 The king of Irael can tell  
 How that he founde: the Degeabell  
 Lordings: like the n  
 He regis: nouch: riled on his kne  
 He: loide he said: god: ride it: then  
 He: haue made him a man  
 The king of Irael said: I wold thee give  
 Halfe my kingdome: while I do live  
 My deere sonne: as whigh: as swanne  
 thou shalt haue my daughter: Ardnade  
 The king of Irael said also  
 I remeind: rience: thou bet to in  
 Eglamoure: maid the kinges: three  
 at his wedding: for to be  
 If that they wolde vorthesane  
 all graunted him that there were  
 Lottell: lelle and more  
 Loide: Iesus christ: them haue  
 Kinges: erles: I bnderstane  
 and worthy Dukes of many a lande  
 With: to: and mirth: pnooghe  
 the trumpets in the Wypp: blowes